

# The Musical World.

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## JULLIEN AT WASHINGTON.

LETTERS and papers from the city of Washington inform us that Jullien's success in the metropolis of the United States has been unprecedented. A short but flattering notice of his last concert—under the head of “M. Jullien's last and greatest Triumph”—is all we can find room for at present. It will serve well enough, however, as an example of the general feeling of the press, and will be read with gratification by the many friends of Jullien in this country:—

### M. JULLIEN'S LAST AND GREATEST TRIUMPH.

What the great Marlborough—what Napoleon was in war, Jullien is in music. His troupe is as well disciplined as were their best battalions. His achievements, though peaceful, are quite as miraculous. They neither manned a gun nor handled a musket. They simply commanded, directed, and led on to victory. So it is with their brilliant rival. He neither blows the trumpet, scrapes the violin, or fills the flute. He stands like a great magician with his magical wand, and out of the clash, conflict, and chaos of contending sounds, he draws the very soul of music. Now he draws the soft and melting notes of love—now the fierce music of relentless war. When the whole orchestra bursts into the battle charge, what a magnificent blending of various sounds!—the boom of cannon, the roar of musketry, the clang of trumpets, the shrieks of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the shouts of victory, all are represented; and he, the musical spirit,

“Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm.”

His concerts have been a succession of triumphs. But his concert last night—his benefit—was the most brilliant of the series. The National Theatre presented last night the same assemblage of beauty, taste, refinement, and distinction, that have been drawn out by all his concerts.

In addition to all these, the President of the United States and the members of his Cabinet paid M. Jullien the compliment of attending his final concert last night. When the Chief Magistrate and the Heads of Departments entered, they were greeted with applause by the assemblage.

The performances were more varied than usual, and elicited from the audience the most rapturous applause. We regret that our space does not admit of a more detailed notice of the band, and of the several admirable solo exhibitions.

At Boston the speculation turned out most profitable. The concerts were crammed every night, except the first, on the occasion of the thunderstorm, of which we have spoken. On his return to New York, *en route* for Philadelphia and Washington, Jullien gave a single concert, which brought such an overflow that hundreds were sent away from the doors, unable to obtain admittance. At the present moment, he is once more in New York, where he is to give another series of concerts. There will also be some dress balls, but not, we believe, a masquerade.

**BEETHOVEN.**—To-day is the anniversary of this great composer's birth. He was born on the 17th of December, 1770, at Bonn, on the Rhine.

## RICHARD WAGNER.

### TANNHAUSER.

#### THE OVERTURE TO IT.

#### SYNOPSIS OF THE OVERTURE TO IT.

BY

RICHARD WAGNER.

A procession of pilgrims is passing. Their chant, full of faith and penitence, pervading our hope and trust in salvation, is heard gradually approaching; then, close at hand, it swells into a mighty wave, and finally retires. Twilight, and the dying echo of the chant.

Now, as the shades of evening fall, magical visions hover in sight. A mist, deep-tinged with rosy hues, arises; rapturous sounds of joy strike the ear; the movements of an exciting and luxurious dance are felt. These are the dangerous charms of the “Venus-Mount,” which at nightly hour manifest themselves to those in whose bosoms the keen passions of sense are burning.

Attracted by the alluring vision, a tall, manly form approaches: it is Tannhäuser, the minne-singer, the minstrel on his way to sing of love at the poetical contest at Wartburg. He causes his proud, exulting song of love to resound, joyful and defiant, as if to conjure up around him the luxurious magic. He is answered by wild shouts of joy; closer and closer the rosy vapours encircle him; enchanting odours float around him and intoxicate his senses. He is dazzled by the sight of a female form of indescribable beauty that appears before him in the most seductive twilight. He hears her voice, falling upon his ear in sweet, trembling tones, like the song of the Syrens, and promising to the bold the fulfilment of his wildest wishes. It is Venus herself whom he beholds.

Then his heart and his passions are all on fire; a hot, consuming desire kindles the blood in his veins; an irresistible power urges him to draw near, and he stops before the goddess herself with his song of joy and exultation, which now in rapturous delight he pours forth in her praise.

In answer to his thrilling song, the wonders of the “Venus-Mount” are now displayed before him in all their splendour; impetuous shouts, and wild, ecstatic cries resound from all sides; Bacchantes, drunk with pleasure, sweep by, and in their frantic dances, carry Tannhäuser away, into the arms of the goddess, burning with love; she draws him after her, toward the regions of annihilation. The wild host rushes on, and the storm subsides. Plaintive sounds still stir the air, and murmurs, like the sighing of unholy, sensual passion,

float over the spot where the enchanting vision was beheld, and night again spread over it.

But, behold! the morning dawns. In the far off distance the chant of the pilgrims is again heard; it draws ever nearer; day evermore conquers night. The murmuring and sighing of the breezes, that resounded in our ears like the awful wailing of the damned, rings in more joyful sounds; and when at last the glorious sun arises, and the chant of the pilgrims with powerful inspiration proclaims to all the world that salvation is obtained, sonorous waves of supreme bliss float around us. It is the rejoicing of the "Venus-Mount" itself, freed from the curse and stain of unholliness, that we hear mingling with the song of heaven. All the pulses of life move and quicken at this song of redemption; and now those two unnaturally divorced elements, reason and the senses—the spiritual and the material—God and nature, embrace in a holy, all-uniting kiss of Love.

#### THIRTY-FIVE POUNDS PER ANNUM.

#### FIND YOUR OWN WIND.

(From a correspondent who plays the organ.)

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Sir,—I have only just become possessed of the following document, which I enclose for your comments. Pray, read it. It is a document which the musical world should be acquainted with. Two-and-twenty youths, eager for advancement, have made application for the situation, twelve out of the twenty-two have been selected to contend for the prize. How are the other ten disposed of? The clergyman—an Eboracian, or Tyke—does not care greatly for music that may be heard, and only wants the organist to play the psalms "religiously." Do, sir, pray give publicity to this document; think of the poor organist with such a salary, such duties to perform, and not allowed to take pupils.

#### RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE ORGANIST OF SAINT JULIAN'S PARISH.

1. That the organist do play at the usual services on Sunday, also at the weekly lectures, Christmas-day, Good Friday, Easter, and Whitsuntide week, Lent, and other festivals of the Church, at the discretion of the Minister.

2. That he also attend one evening at least during the week for practising the choir, and any members of the congregation who may wish to attend. And in order to encourage sacred music in the parish, that he select two boys and two girls from Bowdler's School, and the same number from the parish National School, to attend such practice of the choir.

3. That the organist is not to absent himself from any of the above services and duties, without the consent of the Minister and of one of the Churchwardens.

4. That in the event of his wishing to leave his situation of organist, he is to give three months' notice to the Churchwardens of his intention in writing, and that he receive the same notice from the parish.

5. That as the organ was presented to the parish by the Committee who got it built, with the express condition that no organist was to use it for the practice of his pupils—the organist shall clearly understand that the organ is only to be used for the services of the Church, for his own practice, and for the training of the

choir, and that no pupils he may have be allowed to play at any time without his being present.

J. J. ROGERSON, *Minister*.  
V. CRUMP, }  
J. HULETT, } *Churchwardens*.

#### SALARY, £35 PER ANNUM.

#### BLOW YOUR OWN BELLOWS!

N.B.—The trial of the twelve was to have come off on Wednesday. Umpire—Dr. Somebody, organist of Carmarthen.

What say you, Mr. Editor, to the matter?

[The matter speaks for itself. It is a self-speaking matter. Diamond of the first water is that which has most fire.—ED.]

[P.S.—The smallest hair casts a shadow—of the smallest; but a shadow never casts its hair, and this is why fat soup is called rich.—ED.]

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first performance of the *Messiah*, for the season, and the 300th of the Society, in the great hall, was in many respects one of the most remarkable ever given in Exeter Hall. The programme on this occasion was enriched, for the first time, with an interesting historical notice of Handel's great work, followed by a masterly notice of the music, from the pen of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, than whom a more competent and accomplished critic does not exist. In obedience to certain suggestions contained in Mr. Macfarren's analysis, several alterations were made in the performance of the oratorio, by means of which, Handel's original intention, which had been so long violated, were realized. The most important of these was the restoration of the great song, "But who may abide"—which has so long been given to a bass voice—to a contralto. But of this and the others we purpose to speak at length on a future occasion.

The performance, as we have hinted, was first-rate. The singers were Misses Birch and Dolby, Messrs. Lockey and Weiss. Mr. Costa conducted. The hall was crammed to suffocation.

#### HARMONIC UNION.

The second performance, at Exeter Hall, of this new and rising society, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, on Monday night, was without exception the best that was ever given. The programme consisted of Mr. G. A. Macfarren's very fine setting of Burgher's poem of *Leonore*, Mendelssohn's violin concerto, played in a masterly manner by Mr. Sington, and Handel's secular oratorio, *Alexander's Feast*. In Mr. Macfarren's piece, the singers were Mrs. Weiss, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Weiss. In *Alexander's Feast*, that improving singer, Miss Stabbach, and the new tenor, Mr. Elliot Galer, were added to the list. We cannot enter into details. The performance was received with great favour. Mr. Macfarren was recalled unanimously after *Leonore*, and applauded with enthusiasm. The Hall was well attended.

## WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Another concert, the eighth, was given on Wednesday, the particulars of which we must at present withhold.

## PROPHECIES FOR THE COMING YEAR.

## No I.

THE Turks are filled full of prophecies that are not fulfilled. They have of them an infinity, which they—the Turks—retain by tradition of father into son; and among others—prophecies—one famous, of a Sheik, or Iman (the one is distinct from the other, for great Imans are no great Sheiks), who has foretold the downfall of Constantinople; and that there a time would come when it would come to pass, that he who should come to pass from Constantinople to Sendarel, and should go to pass a sequin or ducat, that he might pass to go, that it would come to pass that the thing should not come to pass. Which may be considered a passing good prophecy. Sendarel is a village, situated on the brim of the sea, in Asia, on the other side of the Bosphorus, at the opposite of the Seraglio, or palace of the Grand Seignor. This prophecy is no longer regarded as an allegory of the Passover; but some attribute to it the actual attitude of the Persians, who are about to pass over the Caspian. But let that pass—over.

(To be discontinued.)

## Foreign.

PARIS, 11TH DEC.—At the *Académie Impériale de Musique*, on Wednesday, the *Maitre Chanteur et Jovite* were performed in presence of the Emperor and Empress. On Sunday last, the *Juif Errant* was played. Massol sung the principal part, Mme. Tedesco that of Théodora and Chapuis, and Mlle. Marie Dussy those of Léon and Irène.—The following is the judgment pronounced on Wednesday, the 7th Dec., by the first chamber of the tribunal of *première instance*, in the action brought by M. le Comte Tiskiewicz against the director of the *Académie Impériale de Musique*, apropos of a representation of the *Freischutz*:—"With respect to the complaint of the Count, that on the 7th October last the director of the *Académie Impériale de Musique* caused to be performed *Der Freischutz*, an opera by Weber, with the omission of important parts thereof; it is proved that the performance of the 7th October was the same that has been ever since 1850—that is to say, mutilated precisely as it was at representations previous to 1850. The result of which is much to be regretted, on the principle of incomplete works being announced to the public as complete, the Count Thadée Tiskiewicz not having proved that on the 7th October last other omissions were made than those which the public had already been used to since its first representation, could not show that he was now, as a spectator of the opera, a loser thereby." With respect to the counter action by the director of the *Académie Impériale de Musique* against M. le Comte Thadée Tiskiewicz, it is not proved that he is a loser in the slightest degree by the proceedings of M. le Comte. The tribunal dismisses both actions, and condemns M. le Comte Thadée Tiskiewicz to pay all the costs.—OPERA COMIQUE.—Mlle. Wertheimer is about to leave this theatre; she is engaged at the Grand Opera. *L'Eau Merveilleuse* and *La Tonelli* were brought out on Friday last, followed by the *Rendez vous bourgeois*. This work of Grisar continues to please the public whenever it is performed. *La Tonelli* has not been played since the departure of Mme. Ugalde, who took her farewell benefit in this piece. Mlle. Lefebvre has succeeded her in the double character of peasant and actress, with a talent that justifies her trial. She has stamped herself as an actress of ability. Mocke and Faure were as good as ever in their parts. The Emperor and Empress were present on this occasion. Meyerbeer's new comic opera, *L'Etoile du Nord*,

is nearly ready for the orchestral rehearsals. Madame Viardot Garcia has returned from her tour in England. Berlioz is also expected soon. His German tour, which has been triumphant, is nearly finished. At Hanover he gave two concerts, which excited among the public, as well as among the artists, an enthusiasm greater even than in Brunswick. The King showed Berlioz the greatest consideration. His Majesty was present at every rehearsal, and paid the most flattering compliments to the composer. At the end, the artists covered his scores with crowns, and at the last concert they recalled him, and saluted him with "fanfares." The king sent him a handsome present in diamonds. At Bremen, Berlioz was engaged by the Society of Arts; he was received with the same enthusiasm as at Hanover. The young violinist, Joachim, played the tenor solo in the "Harold Symphony" in an extraordinary manner. At Leipzig, Berlioz was engaged by the Society of the *Gewandhaus*. The concert consisted entirely of his works, excepting one symphony by Beethoven. The greatest success was his *Oratorio la Fuite en Egypte*. Ferdinand David, the *concert-meister* of the *Gewandhaus*, played in a superior manner the tenor solo in *Harold*. The vocalists, Beer and Schneider, sang the solos in the "Chorus of Sylphes," and in the *Fuite en Egypte*. A deputation of artists and men of letters came from Weimar with Liszt, and returned for the concert that Berlioz purposes giving on his own account in that place with the same orchestra, the Académie of Singing, the pupils of the Conservatoire, and the chorus children of the church of Saint-Thomas. The programme will consist of the first four parts of *Romeo et Juliette*, the two first acts of *Faust*, and the oratorio of *la Fuite en Egypte*, by express desire. Liszt played, at a grand *soirée*, at Ferdinand David's house, with immense effect, a new transcription for the pianoforte of two pieces from *Benvenuto Cellini*,—the "Benediction of the Cardinal," and the "Oath of the Chisellers." Xavier Boisselot, the composer of *Ne touches pas à la Reine* and of *Mosquita*, has been in Paris a few days.—The concert of the *Société des jeunes artistes* has been postponed, in consequence of the distribution of the prizes at the *Conservatoire*, until Sunday the 25th instant, at two o'clock, in the Salle Herz. M. Gouffé, the contre-bassist, keeps "open house" every Wednesday, for the friends of good music. Last Wednesday, after the quartets and quintets of the great masters, we heard a German violinist, M. Eller, whose playing the *Chaconne* of Bach, and three original pieces of his own composition, gained completely the good opinion of the audience. Mme. Amédée Tardieu (late Charlotte de Malleville), the pianist, will soon re-commence her *Séances Musicales*, assisted by M. A. Dorus, Gouffé, Lebocq, Casimir Ney, the brothers Verroust, and other artists. As before, the *séances* are to be devoted to the works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Onslow, &c. M. Deloffre, the violinist and chef d'orchestre of the *Théâtre Lyrique*, and his wife, the pianiste, will give their first *matinée musicale*, with the assistance of certain vocalists, on Sunday next. The Binfield family are again in Paris. They intend to give concerts. Mdme. Malibran gave yesterday a concert in the *Salle Sainte-Cécile*, for the benefit of the "Burnt out" of the 7th arrondissement. *La Vie du Marin*, of his composition, was performed on the occasion.—M. Lee, the violoncellist, has composed forty easy exercises and two romances sans paroles, entitled *La Berceuse* and *Souvenirs de Bonheur*. The composer played them himself, accompanied by M. Edouard Lee, who followed the example of his father. The Spanish guitarist, M. Bosch, made his *début* with success in a fantasia of his own composition. A *matinée musicale* was given by the *Choral Parisien*, for the benefit of the "Burnt out" of the Rue Beaubourg, in the *Salle Barthélémy*, under the direction of M. Phillips, on Sunday last. Among the artists was Mme. Duclos. The *Société Choral Parisien* sung with an ensemble which was remarkable. The son of Mme. Duclos, only thirteen years of age, played the pianoforte. Blumenthal, the pianist and composer, is expected shortly from Nice. The young and talented violoncellist, Elisa Christiani, whose death we lately announced, fell a victim to the climate of Nowatschen-Karsk, en route for the Transcaucasian country. Mlle. Christiani, after having obtained well merited success in her own country and in England, had the strange idea of making her talent known in a country that European artists never visited, and where European music is hardly known. She was the first who gave public concerts in several towns in Siberia.

and Kauntschatska. She thence intended to proceed, for the same purpose, among the wilds of the Caucasus.

VIENNA.—Madame Lagrua continues to perform the parts of Valentine and Alice. The talent she has shown in interpreting the inspirations of the composer of the *Huguenots* and of *Robert*, has gained her the favour of the Viennese public.

TURIN.—The *Prophète* continues to attract crowds to the opera.

LYONS.—The *Juif Errant*, about to be produced at the Grand Théâtre, is in full rehearsals.

ROUEN.—Puget, the tenor, from the *Opéra Comique*, is here, and has been performing in *la Dame blanche* and the *Mousquetaires de la Reine* with success.

DOUAL.—The Choral Society of this town closed the month with a *Scène*. The programme excited the curiosity of the amateurs, and satisfied their taste. Among the choruses were "Sur l'eau," "La Branche d'amandier," the march from the *Deux Avares*, the "Malbrook" of Oscar Cornettant, a quintet by Mozart, and a prelude by Bach. M. Anthony Thouret made an impression on the audience by his performance on the violoncello.

MUNICH (29th November).—On the birthday of the King, his Majesty created a new decoration, to be given to men distinguished in the sciences of the fine arts. This decoration is called the "Order of Maximilian II." The cross will be attached to a blue ribbon surrounded by a white border. The King has only named forty "Chevaliers," chosen from among the most eminent men of Germany in sciences, letters, and arts. Among this number is Meyerbeer.

DRESDEN (30th November).—Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, who has not sung in public for four years, came out again on Monday last at a concert given for the benefit of the poor. The celebrated vocalist was received with enthusiasm by the aristocratic audience who were present on the occasion. She sang the cavatina, "Dove Sono," from the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, an air from Beethoven's *Fidelio*, an air from Haydn's *Creation*, and two national songs. These last were re-demanded twice, and after Madame Lind-Goldschmidt had sung them a third time, a shower of bouquets was thrown at the feet of the celebrated artiste.

FRANKFORT.—Several events came off last week. The réunion of the Chant Ruhl sung, for the first time in German, Handel's *Allegro et Pensiero*. The next day the *Société Saint-Cécile* performed *Joshua* by the same composer. Lastly, at the Theatre, the new opera by Flotow, *Rubezahl*, has been produced. This new composition was well received. The execution left nothing to be desired. The actors, as well as the composer, who was present at the performance, were recalled several times.

STUTTGART.—Herr Lindpaintner's new opera, *Giulia, or the Corsicans*, continues to be received with the greatest favour. The score contains some very effective morceaux, particularly in the serious scenes.

HANOVER.—The new opera *Tony*, by M. le Duc de Saxe-Cobourg, has been produced at the theatre.

#### MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CLASSICAL CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY.—The third Concert took place at the Town Hall, on Thursday, December 8th. The following was the programme :—

##### PART FIRST.

Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (In C Minor, Op. 1, No. 3).....Beethoven

Sonata—Pianoforte and Violoncello, (In D, Op. 58)....Mendelssohn

##### [PART SECOND.]

Trio—Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, (In A Flat, Op. 52)

Mayseder.

Adagio—Violoncello.....Kummer.

Sonata—Pianoforte and Violin, (In F, Op. 24).....Beethoven.

Hallé's third concert was fully equal to the two preceding ones: the chief feature being the first appearance, at these concerts, of M. Sainton as first violin. Without anything invidious at all, or even "oderous," as Dogberry says, the comparison is inevitable—

betwixt the violinist of the evening and his predecessor, Sivori, whom it has never been our good fortune to hear in chamber music. Ernst, Molique, and Sainton have each their peculiar excellencies and individual characteristics, which may fairly be alluded to, without any prejudice to one or other of these great artists. Sainton delights his auditors by his warmth, his finished and refined style of playing—to say nothing of the boldness with which he attacks a difficult passage, and the refinement of his execution generally. Thus we can admire all these great artists, although each so widely different in style. Hallé's concerts this season are certainly greatly in advance of any former seasons. At each of the three first concerts, of the eight forming the series, we have had Piatti as the violoncello; at the two first we had Molique as the first violin; at the second, Baetens as tenor; at the third, and for the first time in chamber music at Manchester, Sainton as first violin.

The room was fuller than we have seen it this season, and the audience seemed to enjoy the concert most heartily. Beethoven's early trio—Op. 1, No. 3, in C minor—is one well-known to the frequenters of Hallé's concerts. Sainton could not, perhaps, have had a better to introduce him to a Manchester audience. His part in the *Andante Cantabile* was admirably rendered; and the whole trio was as perfect an exhibition of Beethoven's genius as the most enthusiastic classicist could well desire. Mendelssohn's great duo sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, (in D, Op. 58,) for Hallé and Piatti, was a glorious treat; these two kindred minds seem to understand each other so well, and so thoroughly to enter into and understand any of the classic chamber pieces of the great masters, that it is a regular feast to a true lover of music of this kind, when they sit down to play together. Anything more joyous and jocund than the opening *Allegro* we never listened to. The playing of both pianist and violoncellist was irreproachable. The *Allegretto Scherzando* was equally perfect; whilst the *Adagio*—like a solemn hymn pealing forth from the pianoforte, with repeated use of the forte pedal—was a grand display of Hallé's taste and execution in a slow movement. The finale was a worthy finish to this truly great performance, and satisfactorily wound up the first part of the concert.

The second part opened with a novelty—a trio of Mayseder's—one quite worthy of selection to appear as a relief and contrast by the side of the more elaborate and classic works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. It was another admirable display of Sainton's talent, as first violin. Sainton in the *Allegro*; Piatti, in the *Adagio*; and Hallé, in the *Finale*, alike distinguished themselves, and gave a charm to the performance which elicited the warmest plaudits. Piatti next appeared in a solo of Kummer's, for the violoncello, which was well chosen to display his power of tone, and facility of execution. It was delicately and judiciously accompanied on the pianoforte by Charles Hallé. Hallé, with great tact, usually winds up his concerts with some agreeable and elegant trifles as solo for the pianoforte, by Chopin, S. Heller, &c., or some of Mendelssohn's "songs without words," or his no less elegant "preludes" or "studies." On this occasion, he departed from his usual course—no doubt to afford greater scope to his friend Sainton—and finished the concert with a duo sonata, for violin and pianoforte, of Beethoven (his duo in F, Op. 24), one of the greatest of his earlier chamber compositions. The *Adagio* especially stands unrivalled for tenderness and beauty of expression. The *Scherzo* is remarkable for its echoes, between violin and pianoforte, and for its shortness. The finale is quite equal in beauty and grandeur to the first movement, and worthily finished this excellent concert.

We shall gladly welcome M. Sainton again to these concerts; his performance on this occasion fully justified the previous estimation of his talents—here known before only by repute.

The next concert, we understand, will come off on the 22nd instant. Mr. C. A. Seymour's second quartet concert, we see, is fixed for the 15th.

#### MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

Since I last wrote, some weeks since, we have only had two musical events in this town; the concert of Mr. Stimpson, on the

24th ult., at which Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves sang for the last time prior to their departure for Italy. Our great tenor, without in the least suffering from the fatigue of a long provincial tour, sang gloriously, and Mrs. Sims Reeves sang as bewitchingly as ever. Madame Viardot Garcia fully maintained her world-wide reputation as the most finished artiste of the day. Mrs. Weiss was most warmly received, and will be cordially welcomed on her next appearance amongst us, which I trust will not be very far off. Our especial favourite Mr. Weiss delighted every one, as he always does. The instrumental portion of the concert was supported by Mr. Henry Hayward, the English violinist, and Mr. G. F. Davis, the talented harpist of this town. The accompaniments were sustained by the beneficiaire himself, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Farquharson Smith, who kindly relieved Mr. Stimpson. The attendance, though fashionable, was not so good as might have been expected, owing to the tempestuous weather. The other musical event was a performance of "The Messiah," on the 8th inst., for the benefit of the aged widow of a deceased local artiste, Mr. John Moreton. I subjoin two critiques from our local papers for the amusement of your readers, and as a specimen of the state of musical criticism in Birmingham.

#### THE MESSIAH.

The performance of Handel's great work, on Thursday night, was remarkable in several respects. In the first place, the band and chorus were composed exclusively of local artists and amateurs; in the next, but intimately connected with this consideration, the performance was an admirable one, second only to that which distinguishes the Thursday of our Festivals; thirdly, the services of the local corps were gratuitously given; and lastly, the object of the concert, viz., the substantial benefit of the family of a deceased musician, was fully accomplished, the attendance being very good. The occasion was remarkable, also, for the *début* of Miss Phillips, a daughter of the celebrated basso. She possesses a pure soprano voice, of very sweet quality, though rather deficient in power. Her intonation is very accurate, and her manner gives evidence of careful training. It will give pleasure to many to hear that the performance of the lady promises to perpetuate the musical reputation of the name. The other performers were Miss Wight, a contralto, Mrs. Bull, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Culwick, of Lichfield, Mr. Gough, and Mr. Batchelor. Mr. J. A. Baker conducted. For some unexplained reason, the organ was silent. We have said that the performance was an excellent one—not perfect, certainly, but good: and we purpose to show wherein its excellence lay. At the outset, we must say, however, that some new readings—such as in the chorus "For unto us," changing the accent, or rather the emphasis, in some of the passages—are not successful; but a more important consideration is, that such emendations are not prudent. Handel, of all composers, can least bear tampering with; and as the legitimate reading of the score is scarcely a matter of opinion, but of knowledge, it would be well to abstain from straining after originality. Amongst the notable excellencies was the execution of the series of recitatives immediately following the Pastoral Symphony. Miss Phillips sang them very chastely, and proved herself to be an admirable interpreter of a composer who demands no meretricious graces of execution. So was her air, "Come unto me," in good tune and chaste expression. The grand air in the third part, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," lacked spirit, but was otherwise unexceptionable; and the closing air was neatly and artistically sung. The beautiful contralto air, "He shall feed," was somewhat coarsely delivered by Miss Wight; but this was more than compensated for by her tasteful singing of the air, "He was despised"—one of the gems of the evening. With very bad judgment it was encored. Mrs. Bull sang her allotted music with the care and taste of a true artiste. Mr. Lawler supported his good name by a spirited and otherwise able reading of his share of the oratorio. The famous recitative and air, "Thus saith the Lord," was well conceived and executed. The same may be said of "Why do the nations;" and his delivery of the air, "The trumpet shall sound," was worthy of the sublime composition; and while saying so, we must not forget to commend the very clever trumpet obligato. Mr. Culwick, who is evidently unaccustomed to large audiences, sang

the tenor solos but tamely; some of the pieces were given with good taste, and correctly, but they were more or less wanting in style. Mr. Gough very generously came from Canterbury to give his aid. He is improved in manner. His reading of the recitative, "For, behold," showed this, while it also proved that he is still deficient in power. The choruses were, with a few exceptions, steadily and spiritedly given. Seldom have we heard that magnificent inspiration, "The Hallelujah," more majestically thundered forth. "For unto us," was spiritedly and correctly delivered, and the closing chorus was most superbly given, with marvellous power, *aplomb*, and effect. Two or three of the other choruses were marred by a rather hurried *tempo*—an error on the right side, but still a mistake; as, for example, "And with his stripes," in which the point was missed; the closing movement of this chorus was, however, compactly and effectively sung. The band played the overture and symphony indifferently enough; but that this does not arise from want of ability, but from lack of combined practice, was evident from excellences in another direction. Great praise is due to Mr. Baker for the skill and activity he displayed as a conductor, and the tact with which he toned down the crudities of a band hastily collected from the town and surrounding locality, without more opportunity of playing together than could be afforded by one grand rehearsal. The band, too, must be commended for the intelligence with which they appreciated and interpreted the leading ideas of their conductor. With one or two exceptions, we never heard the accompaniments to the songs better played by a local band. We were glad to observe, also, that Mr. Baker produced the oratorio in its entirety, free from those mutilations which have been of late so fashionable.—From the *Birmingham Journal*, Dec. 10.

The concert for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. John Moreton, on Thursday evening last, attracted a large audience in the unreserved parts of the Town Hall; the galleries and reserved floor, however, presented more empty benches than could have been expected, and the consequence will be, in all probability, the "benefit" will exist more in hopes and wishes than in reality. It is to be regretted that Handel's sublime work, *The Messiah*, should have been so imperfectly produced and inefficiently performed as it has been within the last few months; for although the public were led by flattering announcements to anticipate an amount of gratification only surpassed by our Musical Festivals, and although the printed names of the various performers appeared on the occasion to which we are more immediately referring, it is a lamentable fact that it was only on paper that any legitimate effect was produced. The Orchestra was strong in numbers, but only in that particular; and the Chorus more numerous on paper than in reality, and, with the exception of well-known faces, very inefficient. We repeat, it is to be deeply regretted that this great work of Handel should be so slightly treated, and it is neither justice to the composer nor the public to produce the work in such form. The omission of the Dead March in *Saul*, which was to have preceded the Oratorio, and the non-appearance of Mr. Baker, were accounted for by Mr. J. A. Baker, the Conductor; it would probably have been as satisfactory to the audience had the absence of several performers whose names were announced also been explained. The choruses, upon the whole, were steadily given, the only exceptions being "His yoke is easy," "The Lord gave the word," "Their sound is gone out," and "Let us break their bonds asunder." The orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Shargool, with its ill-balanced construction, did all that could be expected, and in some respects more; and if the performance was not perfect, no blame can possibly be attached to those professional gentlemen who gave their gratuitous aid, but rather to the want of judgment in the selection of the "reprieno" performers of the band. Miss Phillips, who made her *début* on the occasion, possesses an agreeable soprano voice, and sang the music allotted to her in a style which, with experience, promises well for her future career. Mrs. Bull, by her chaste vocalization, fully maintained her reputation as a finished artiste; and Miss Wight, another débutante, in "O Thou that tellest," and "He was despised," sang with considerable taste and judgment. Mr. Lawler gave the two principal bass songs in the Oratorio, "Why do the nations," and "The trumpet shall sound," very effectively; and Mr. Gough also acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the audi-

ence. Mr. Culwick sang the airs, "Comfort ye my people," and "Thou shalt dash them," in a creditable style; and Mr. Batchelor gave the short recitatives allotted to him, and the duet, "O Death! where is thy sting?" in an unpretending manner.—The concert, which did not commence for a full quarter of an hour after the time announced, terminated about half-past eleven o'clock, prior to which time many of the audience had retired from the Hall.—*Birmingham Gazette*, Dec. 12, 1853.

"When doctors disagree," could you tell me who is to decide the question?

### Original Correspondence.

#### MUSIC COLLECTORS.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Will you be good enough, for the edification of those sons of country music-sellers who feel inclined to join the important mission of collectors, to give your readers the following description of the model music-collector.

I am, Sir, yours with respect,

CROTCHETTY.

"The model music-collector is a tall youth, of sober countenance, who always carries a blue bag, half covered with leather, to keep the contents dry, as he collects in all weathers, and is usually provided, also, with waterproof coat and leggings. He is exceedingly quick; so much so, that some persons say he is nervous, and makes them so when they see him; but he cares nothing for people's opinion; the sole aim and object of his life being to extend the business of his employer, whose will is law to him. He is respectably connected, but no one knows his family, as they live in the country, and he rarely mentions them. When he goes to church, he is singularly oblivious of the sermon; but he can always tell you whether the music was from King's service in F, or Jackson's in E flat, and if the voluntary was Haydn's or Wesley's. He can tell all Mozart's works in the order in which they were published, and how many editions there are now of them. He knows every catalogue of music that has been printed for the last ten years, and is well acquainted with every professor and provincial and foreign publisher.

"His mind resembles the elephant's trunk—for, while it grasps immense objects, it can pick up and hold the merest trifles; for instance, he will tell you the peculiar sign—ornamental or descriptive—of all the publishers. Not only Handel's Head, the Golden Crotchet, &c., but the difference to a T between the lyres sported by D'Almaine, Hammond, Hopkinson, and others; also, between the organ reeds adorning Purday's, and those of Berrington and the rest. Indeed, the difficulty would be to say what he does not know, or what he cannot do. As to the rest, he is always civil, obliging, and on the alert; never tired, nor does he object to make himself useful in any way; and last, not least, he can sing well, and play on any instrument you can mention."

### CARDINAL WISEMAN'S LECTURE.

(Continued from page 787.)

As an instance of what was the latitude and the extent of art, and how really a jeweller or goldsmith in those days was not above work which in our days no one would dare offer to a person of such profession, we have a case recorded in the history of one of the painters, Piero del Vaga, by Vassari, speaking of a very particular friend of Pierino's, a goldsmith. When the Grand Duke of Tuscany was building his palace, he gave to this man a commission to make the metal blinds for the ground floor of that palace; and it is a great pity that a work of so homely a nature should have perished, because there can be no doubt whatever that it was a work of exquisite beauty. So that, even upon what would be considered the lowest stage of common production, the artist did not feel

it was beneath him to design—not to give a design to others, but to execute it himself. We have in the collections, particularly of Italy, in the palace, evident proofs of the great extent to which this combination of various arts must have been carried in works exceedingly complicated, extremely beautiful, and, at the same time, necessarily requiring a great deal of ability to execute. Those are the rich cabinets in which may be found, mixed together, work in marble and in ivory, and in wood, and in metals, and in enamel, and in painting, all combined together by one idea, and all executed by one hand, but of the authors of which it seems impossible to find any good trace. They probably were produced by those men called goldsmiths, and who, as I said before, could work as well upon any of those substances, and thus bring them harmoniously to form one beautiful whole. (Cheers.)

Now, proceeding from what is most precious in Art to what is more homely, let us return for a moment to a subject on which I have already touched. I have spoken of the beauty of the productions of antiquity in metal, which were found in the excavation, particularly of those two buried museums, as we may call them, of antiquity, Pompeii and Herculaneum. The collection of these is chiefly in Naples. Except where presents have been made to other countries, they have been jealously kept together. Now, these different objects have not been dug out of temples or out of palaces; but they have been taken out of every sort of house—houses evidently belonging to the citizens—and I think you may see that there is not one in that collection which does not immediately arrest the eye-beam by the beauty of form, and by its exquisite fancy. Many of them have been engraved in the publication called the Museo Borbonico, the Bourbon Museum, the Museum of Naples; and I think very justly the remark is made by the editor in the fifth volume, that the whole modern civilized world, however vast it may be, and however it may labour in so many arts and so many trades, does not and cannot exhibit even a small proportion of that elegance and ornament, varied in a thousand ways, and in innumerable most fantastic modes, which are to be admired in the remains of furniture found in Pompeii and Herculaneum—two cities which occupied so insignificant a place in the ancient world. That is quite true. Now, what are we to infer from this? There can be no doubt, as I have said, on examining these beautiful objects, that they have been for common use. There are scales—steelyards—which can only have been made to weigh provisions; the chains are most delicately worked; the weight is frequently a head with a helmet, most beautifully chiselled; and so genuine and true are these, so really intended for every-day use, that one of them has stamped upon it as yet the authentication made at the capital of the weights being just. This was a steelyard which was in the kitchen, and it was for the ordinary purposes of the house. There are other large vessels which must have served for culinary purposes, and of which the handles, and the rings, and the different parts, are finished far beyond what the finest bronzes that are made now in Paris can equal. What are we to conclude. You do not suppose these were the designs of the Flaxmans and the Baileys of that day? Who ever heard of a great artist in Pompeii and Herculaneum? And how can you imagine that every house furnished itself with what were considered exquisite and extraordinary specimens of Art, and for the use of their every-day life? And then, where are their common utensils, if these are not they? If these lamps were not what they burnt, if these candelabra were not the shafts upon which they hung; if these vessels were not those in which they prepared their viands—where are those? Were

they carried away in the flight? But the most precious would surely be carried away, and the commoner be left behind. Nothing of the sort. One may see here everything is to be found; everything is beautiful in shape, and generally in finish. What are we to conclude? Why, that the braziers who made these things were able to make them. They came from the hands of the brass-founder; they have been chiselled in the workshop; they have been finished, not to be put up in cabinets, but in order to be knocked about by servants. Then we have a state of Art in which the producer, the man who makes, who manipulates, who handles the object of manufacture which he produces, was able to do what now defies almost our most superior workmen. (Cheers.)

Now, let us go to another part of the world, and come to a later period. Nuremberg, during the time which I have specified—between 1300 and the middle of 1500—was a centre of Art, and especially in all metal work; there is an observation of Hoffman, a German writer, that Nuremberg was the city in which the artist and the craftsman walked most harmoniously hand in hand; but I think he does not go far enough; he ought to have said that it was a city in which the artisan and the artist were the most perfectly combined. At a very early period—that is, as early as 1355—there was produced a piece of work such as is at this day the admiration of all artists. And what was it? It was a mere well—a fountain in the public square; the beautiful fountain—the beautiful well, as it is to this day most justly called. Now, this was made entirely by the designer—by the artist himself, Höfer, who united in himself these two qualities; and it is acknowledged, that in the treatment of the metal work, and in the beauty of the religious images which surround this fountain, but few steps have been made in Art since that time. And he, as I observed, was a mere workman; he did his own work. At a later period—at what is considered the third period of Art, in Nuremberg—there is another remarkable piece of metal work; and I am glad to find that in the last report just published by the department of Practical Art, Mr. Smirke has introduced a letter, in which he begs that this piece of workmanship, which he calls one of the most celebrated productions in metal, may be copied by casts and brought to this country as a specimen of Art. Now that beautiful production was of as early a period as 1506; it was made between 1506 and 1519; and it is the shrine of St. Sebald, in his church at Nuremberg; and no one who had seen that exquisite piece of work—so beautiful, so elegant, as that no iconoclast had dared to touch it, though I must say that Nuremberg had been preserved from the reproach of that error—but there it is in its freshness and its beauty, as it came from the artist's hand; in the centre a shrine of silver, in which is yet the body of the Saint, and around it what may be called a cage or grating of the most perfect metal work, and with statues of most exquisite workmanship. Now I do wish this to be brought to England—a copy, that is, of it—not merely because it will show what was done in ages that we consider hardly emerging from barbarism—not only what beautiful inspirations religion could give the artist; but because it will show to those who are trying to raise the character of any art, the true principle upon which alone it can ever be raised to what it was then. They will see the artist pourtrayed upon it—Peter Vischer—they will see him with his apron on; they will see him with his chisel and his mallet in his hand; they will see that he aspires to nothing more than a handcraftsman, a workman in metal, who yet could conceive first and then design this most magnificent production of man's hand. (Applause.)

Another example, something of the same sort, we shall find

in a neighbouring country. There is at Antwerp, likewise, a beautiful well near the cathedral; and if you ask who it was that produced this, you will hear that it was one who sometimes had been known as a painter, and at others under the more familiar appellation of the Blacksmith of Antwerp—a blacksmith—and there is a piece of iron work, which, I fear, that not our most perfect works could turn out; certainly not—nothing that could be compared with it; and Quintin Matsys was a poor school-boy, who, finding the heavy blacksmith's work too much for him, took to drawing and colouring little images of Saints, to be given out in processions; and thus rose to be a painter and an artist, finding his first profession too heavy for his strength. But this iron work is a work of art; it is not a work merely cast in the lump, and then put together; but it is a work that requires genius, that required great artistic skill; it shows that the artist even worked in iron; that a man who belonged to the very lowest branch of what may be considered the arts—labouring in metal—was able, notwithstanding, to imagine and to carry out the most beautiful conceptions.

Now, coming to modern times, do we find anything of this sort? I content myself with referring to that last report, which I have just mentioned, of the department of Practical Art. In that report there are incorporated letters from some of our best silver and goldsmiths upon the character of the artistic proficience of the workmen; I will only read one, for all in reality repeat the same sentiment. "At present we seldom find an English workman who understands drawing. Not one of our English workmen has a knowledge of drawing," and it is said that, without exception, these men will not even go to the school; they have attempted to bring them to the School of Practical Art, that they may learn something of the principles by which the works in their branch of productive Art should be conducted. They cannot induce them even to go and obtain that information, though it is nearly or entirely gratuitously given. So little taste, then, so little feeling of Art, is there in our workmen now. Can we expect they will produce works that will rival those of ancient times? For there is that broad, immense difference; in one the artist was the workman, now the workman has only a degree of intelligence above the machinery which he uses. He can apply those means which are put into his hand; but can have no feeling to give the last touch, or even to bring things to ordinary perfection. On the other hand, we must be struck with the difference, that in France there is much more taste, much more knowledge, much more intelligence in the actual artificer; the Exhibition showed that, though we had magnificent things in silver work, and gorgeous objects in metallic productions, beautiful and splendid, yet when you came to look at them with the artist's eye, you could not help observing the immense difference between our English productions and those of France; though, be it spoken to the glory of our English goldsmiths, they have both the taste and the generosity, and the munificence to bring over and to employ the very first foreign artists; and it was thus we did produce some objects that stood in competition, not with those of the workman's rivals, but those of his own countrymen.

(To be continued.)

#### AN ACCOUNT OF THE MUSIC OF THE JAVANESE.

(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Music*.)

The inhabitants of the Indian islands, in the Indian Archipelago, are centrically situated with respect to all the great and civilized nations of Asia, but they do not appear to

have made much progress in the sciences or higher arts, and it is among the Javanese alone that music assumes the semblance of an art ; the account given by Mr. Crawford, in his History of the Indian Archipelago, is rendered peculiarly interesting, from containing a complete account of the Javanese music and musical instruments, which is rendered still more valuable from having had the opinion and approbation of the celebrated Dr. Crotch, who, on being supplied with a number of Javanese airs, and having inspected the fine collection of musical instruments at the Duke of Somerset's, communicated his opinion to Mr. Crawford in these words,—“The tone of these instruments exceeds in depth and quality anything I have ever heard ;” and Mr. Crawford says, the Javanese have indeed carried the science of music to a state of improvement, not only beyond their own progress in other arts, but much beyond that of all other people in so rude a state of society. This is most remarkably displayed in the construction and composition of their musical instruments and their bands. These are either wind instruments, stringed instruments, or instruments of percussion. The two first are remarkably rude, and it is only in the last that the perfection of Javanese music is to be discovered. I shall, in the first place, offer a brief description of their musical instruments, and afterwards proceed to give a description of their system of music ; and in doing so, I am happy to say the specimens and materials are the same as those inspected and approved by Dr. Crotch. Of the wind instruments, the rudest and earliest is the Angklung. This instrument is confined to the mountaineers of Java, particularly those of the western end of the island. It consists of number of tubes of bamboo cane, cut at the end like the barrels (or pipes) of an organ, and of graduated lengths, so as to form a gamut or series of notes. The tubes are loosely placed in frames, so as to move when the frame is shaken ; and the whole of its rude notes consists in nothing more than the vibration produced by this motion. A troop of forty or fifty mountaineers will be seen dancing in wild and grotesque attitudes, each individual playing upon an Angklung, himself and his instrument decked with feathers. There is a large wind instrument in use in the neighbouring island of Bali, in appearance like a German flute, but in sound, and the manner in which it is blown, more resembling the clarionet. It is about four feet in length, and five or six of them are usually played together in a band. The Suling and Serdum are sorts of flutes or fifes in use among the Malay tribes, played alone, and never in a band. They have three kinds of stringed instruments, viz. ; the Chalempung, the Trawangsa, and the Rahab. The Chalempung has from ten to fifteen wire strings, and played in the manner of the harp. The Trawangsa, is an instrument resembling a guitar, which is occasionally found among the Sundas, or mountaineers of Java. The Rahab, an instrument borrowed from the Persians, is a small violin of two strings, played with a bow, and producing perfect intonation. This is played by the leader of a Javanese orchestra, but is wanting in the music of those tribes who have little intercourse with the western nations of Asia. It is a handsome little instrument, made of ivory, with a front of parchment. The instruments of percussion are numerous. The drum, struck with the hand, is a rude instrument ; and Dr. Crotch pronounced upon a very good one in the collection of Sir Stamford Raffles, that “The sound is feeble and unmusical.” Next to the drum are the well-known instruments called gongs. The gong is a composition of copper, zinc, and tin, in proportions which have not been determined. Some are of enormous size, being occasionally from three to four feet in diameter. They have a knob in the centre, which is struck with a mallet, covered at top with a cloth or elastic

gum. They are usually suspended from a rich frame, and the tone they produce is the deepest and most powerful that can be imagined. Another is a variety of small gongs, of which one is laid in a wooden frame upon strings, to support it. These, according to their varieties, are called by the names *Ketuk* and *Kampul*. A series of similar vessels or gongs, arranged in a double row upon a wooden frame, go under the name of *Kromo* and *Bonang*. “The tone of this singular instrument,” says Dr. Crotch, “is at once powerful and sweet, and its intonation clear and perfect.”

The last class of instruments of percussion are the Staccados, in the Javanese language called *Gambang*. They are of very great variety : the first I shall mention is the wooden staccado, or *Gambang Kuyu*. This consists of a certain number of bars of a hard sonorous wood, of graduated lengths, placed over a wooden trough or boat, and struck with a little hammer. This instrument is common throughout every part of the Archipelago, particularly among the Malay tribes, and it is often played alone. The second kind of staccado differs from the first only in having bars of metal instead of wood. The tone of the wooden staccado is sweet, but not powerful ; that of the metallic one stronger. A modification of the latter is known by the name of *Gandor*. This consists of thin plates instead of bars of metal, supported by tightened cords, instead of resting on the sides of the wooden boat or trough ; below each bar there is a bamboo tube to improve the sound. On the fabrication of all these instruments Dr. Crotch observes, after viewing those at the Duke of Somerset's, “that he was astonished and delighted with their ingenious fabrication, splendour, beauty, and accurate intonation.”

The instruments just described are divided into bands, or orchestras, pitched on the same scale in perfect unison, and each appropriated to some particular description of music, or some particular occasion. The word *Gamalan* expresses these bands which are seven in number, of which one called *Manggang*, is the simplest and most ancient. The *Salandro*, the most perfect of all, whether for the number of instruments of which it consists, or the number of notes in each of these. The *Srunen* is the martial music of the country ; in this band, as its name implies, trumpets are introduced, or some wind instrument similar to them. A complete band of either kind will cost from two hundred to five hundred pounds sterling.

On the style and character of Javanese music, the following are Dr. Crotch's very interesting observations : “The Instruments,” he observes, “are all in the same kind of scale as that produced on the black keys of the pianoforte ; in which scale so many of the Scots, Irish, all the Chinese, and some of the East-Indian and North-American airs of the greatest antiquity were composed. The result of my examination is a pretty strong conviction, that all the real native music of Java, notwithstanding some difficulties which it is unnecessary to particularise, is composed in a common enharmonic scale. The tunes which I have selected are all in simple common time. Some of the cadences remind us of Scots music for the bag-pipe, others in the minor key, have the flat seventh instead of the leading note or sharp seventh, one of the indications of antiquity. In many of the airs the recurrence of the same passage is artful and ingenious. The irregularity of the rhythm or measure, and the reiteration of the same sound are characteristic of Oriental music. The melodies are in general wild, plaintive, and interesting.” It is almost unnecessary to add, that the Indian islanders are unacquainted with the art of writing music ; the tunes, of which there are great variety, are handed down from memory.

## Reviews of Music.

No. 1.—“DER GEFANGENE” (The Captive). Song. English Words by Miss Josephine Shield. No. 2.—“IL CANTO VENEZIANO.” Duettino. Parole di Carlo Pepoli. No. 3.—“DIE MONDHÜLLE.” Ballade. (The Moondial.) Song. German Words by Reinick. English Version by Miss Margaret Bell. No. 4.—“SE VEDI CHE GEMOGGLIA.” Arietta. Poesia di J. Vittorelli. No. 5.—“Evening Song” (Abendländ) Duettino. German Words by Ruckert. English Version by Miss Josephine Shield. No. 6.—“L’ESULE.” Romanza. Poesia di A. Raffini. Music by Teofilo Bucher. Wood and Co., Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Campbell and Ransford, London.

M. Bucher, who has been some years settled in Edinburgh, as professor of singing, may be remembered by many of our readers as the first who introduced in England, what may be called, the new style of flute playing. On his first appearance in England at the oratorios which were given at Drury Lane, the amateurs of that instrument called him the “Paganini of the flute.” Since that time, however, the wonders on that and other instruments have so accumulated, and such executants as Richardson, Reichert, &c., have advanced the mechanism and changed the character of the instrument so remarkably, that it is doubtful whether M. Bucher’s playing now, as he played then, would excite the same curiosity, or stimulate the same wonder. The present occupation of this professor, nevertheless, which he pursues with acknowledged talent, is probably doing—what would scarcely have been accomplished by his solo playing unaided—enriching M. Bucher’s pockets as well as adorning his brow. Moreover, his ability as a composer, formerly turned to the account of his flute, is now turned to much better account—viz., the account of his pupils, for whom he writes elegant and attractive songs, of which the above are, for the most part, favorable specimens. To begin, they are all well written, and leave no doubt whatever of M. Bucher’s musicianship. Perhaps the only fault with which we can charge the composer at present is, the bringing that musicianship too forward. In more than one of the songs—and especially in the “Captive” and the “Moondial”—we find, for such simple matters, *au fond*, the accompaniments, although clever and correct, somewhat too elaborate. In the “Captive” a particular figure is worked in the bass with a pertinacity that is hardly warranted by its intrinsic interest. A happy relief, however, is afforded in the *lento*, on the words “Oh! angels!” which separates the two verses and precedes the coda. This *lento* is in the same key as the song, A flat; but, as there is a good deal of modulation elsewhere, monotony does not accrue from this similarity. The melody appears to us, besides being somewhat tortured, not very new.

No. 2, though much less ambitious, pleases us much more. It is true, there is little of the Venetian in the tune. There is, however, a certain liveliness which may be allowed to stand substitute for character, as times go. The duet is skilfully voiced, and the accompaniments written with great neatness.

The “Moondial” begins with a symphony, in which horns may be supposed—that is, horns of chase—which describes, of course, the hunter who “ging su feste;” and this is further illustrated by the first fragment of the vocal part. It is, however, merely the ghost of a hunter, who has gone out to hunt and is slain in his hunting. A child divines his father’s death, and, waking the mother, informs her of it. All this takes place under the influence of moonshine on the child; hence the song is entitled “The Moondial.” There are some beautiful musical points in this song, among the best of which is a *cantabile* phrase in G major, which appears more than once, and conveys, in graceful melody, the anxious mother’s admonitions to the child.

The “Evening Song,” a tuneful and charming duettino, in E flat, well voiced and richly accompanied, is our favourite of the collection.

“L’Esule,” No. 6, is a pretty Italian canzonet, which, if the words were English, might, with strict propriety, be designated a ballad.

No. 4, an Arietta, also with Italian words, resembles in character those florid romances which are sometimes found in the French

operas of Auber and his imitators, allotted to the heroine of the Opera Comique. It is very brilliant and showy.

These two last—the first of which is sentimental, the second gay and sparkling—are, with the two duets, likely to become popular, achieve a sale, and spread the name of M. Bucher as a vocal composer, and put money into the publishers’ tills—a consummation devoutly to be wished—that is, if they obtain the attention of public singers, as they so well deserve.

No. 1. “THE HEATHER BELL”—Ballad, sung by Miss Lowe.

No. 2. “ONE MORN, AS O’ER THE HILLS I STRAYED,”—Sung by Mr. Henri Drayton.

No. 3. “THE MERRY FIRST OF MAY,”—Sung by Miss Lowe.

No. 4. “THE FRAGILE FLOWER,”—Ballad,—sung by Mr. Henri Drayton; from Mr. HENRI DRAYTON’S “Lyric Sketch,” entitled “Pierre.” Composed by JOSEPH P. DUGGAN. Campbell, Ransford, & Co.

“Pierre,” it will be remembered, was produced at the St. James’s Theatre under very unfavourable circumstances; and neither Mr. Henri Drayton, the author, nor Mr. Duggan, the composer, had a fair chance of being appreciated. The publication of some of the pieces more directly aiming at popularity, may perhaps call attention to the work.

“The Heather Bell,” which was so prettily sung by Miss Susanna—not Sophie, Lowe, is attractive from its simplicity, while the melody is cut completely after the French fashion, applied by Thomas, Adam, and others of the more servile imitators of Auber, when they wish to be simultaneously quaint and unaffected.

No. 2 and No. 4 are excellent examples of what may be termed the Balfe-Wallace school, when the Balfe-Wallace school addresses itself exclusively to the drawing-room. They are both decidedly sentimental; and there in will probably lie their recommendation to the very numerous class of purchasers, when once they become known.

No. 3—“The Merry First of May,”—is the best of the lot; because its melody is the most immediately catching. This, it will probably not be forgotten, was also very cleverly sung by Miss Susanna Lowe, and, like “The Heather Bell,” nightly encored. The other two were sung by Mr. Henri Drayton, and both proved effective. The words of Mr. Drayton are well written, unaffected, and creditable to his poetic taste.

The accompaniments of Mr. Duggan, as reduced for the pianoforte—our memory does not serve us to recall their effect in the orchestra—are chiefly remarkable for their extreme simplicity. In the attainment of this quality, so precious to music-sellers, however, Mr. Duggan might, it is but fair to suggest, have avoided certain faults of harmony, which, however they may be considered trifling, do not the less detract from the effect of his music upon educated ears.

“MY BEAUTIFUL, SWEET SMILING BOY!”—Words and Music by EMILINE LAMB. Alfred Harper, Cheltenham; J. A. Novello, London.

This song fulfils all the conditions of a good ballad. The words are expressive, the melody pleasing, the accompaniment simple and correct.

“GAGE D’AMITIE”—Fantaisie Elegante—Par GEORGE E. HAY.—Wessel and Co.

We like every thing in this fantaisie but the title-page, which would have read much better in English, and have been more easily read by Englishmen about to purchase. The theme, which is elegant, gains an attraction by not being torn out of some popular opera. The variations are showy, well contrasted, and effective. The piece is moderately difficult.

“HO! FILL ME A TANKARD,”—A Cavalier Song. Written by W. H. BELLAMY. Composed by JOHN L. HATTON. Campbell, Ransford, & Co.

A lively drinking song, in the old English style of melody and harmony.

"THOU ART MY DREAM IN PEACEFUL NIGHT."—Song. Composed by FRANZ ABT.—English version by J. E. CARPENTER. Robt. Cocks & Co.

A graceful song, in the usual style of this popular composer. We find the episode in six sharps somewhat of an encumbrance to the otherwise easy and flowing character of the song, which is, nevertheless, written throughout in a perfectly musician-like manner.

"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES"—Varied for the Pianoforte, by ROBERT BARNETT. Leader and Cock.

This is a short piece, and one of moderate difficulty; but it is interesting as music, and useful for teaching. Mr. Robert Barnett, who understands the pianoforte as well as most professors, and plays on it, as everybody knows, admirably, has varied Handel's popular melody with the ease and scholarship of one who has studied and made himself familiar with the best models. Had the title-page borne the name of John Cramer, we should not have doubted its authenticity.

"RONDOLETT SCHERZANDO"—For the Pianoforte—Composed by ROBERT BARNETT. Addison and Hollier; Leader and Cock, London. Kistner, Leipzig.

What was said of Mr. Robert Barnett's variations to "See the Conquering Hero Comes," may apply, with equal truth, to this longer and more important production. Amidst the trifling and aimless music that continually issues from the press of the day, it is quite refreshing to meet with so sensible and ably-conducted a movement as this "Rondoletto," a conscientious study of which cannot fail to improve both the taste and the execution of the learner. Independent of the freshness and well-considered contrast of the principal themes, the vigour of the passages—all of which are fluent, some of them new—the mere conduct of the movement is so clear and well-defined, that the "Rondoletto" quite as well deserves a place in the select library of the musical connoisseur as in the portfolio of the student's daily exercises. We recommend it warmly to all professors who devote themselves to giving lessons on the pianoforte.

"THE PIANIST'S ALBUM."—Edited by BRINLEY RICHARDS. Chappell, New Bond Street.

This is one of the most elegant musical gift-books we have yet seen, and it reflects the utmost credit upon the enterprise of the publisher. Crowded as our tables are with publications of all descriptions, we nevertheless turn to this volume with genuine pleasure. The work is elegantly bound in white and gold, and contains two beautifully coloured engravings by Brandard. Amongst the musical contributions are a variety of works from the accomplished pens of Osborne, Wallace, Wely, Lindsay Sloper, &c., &c. The editor has added several new compositions; we especially allude to his very effective arrangement of the "Valse des Demons," from *Le Robert*, and a gracefully written solo on that most beautiful of national melodies, the "Last Rose of Summer." These, and another composition in the style of his "Estelle," called "A Moonlight Valse," exhibit Mr. Brinley Richards' well-known skill as a writer for the piano, and are likely to become as popular as his other works. To render the volume still more acceptable, the editor has introduced the sublime Funeral March from Beethoven's sonata in A flat, and Mendelssohn's exquisite gem "The First Violet,"—the latter admirably arranged by the editor as a "Song without words." To all who are in quest of a really useful, as well as an elegant musical gift-book, we can sincerely recommend Brinley Richards' "Album for the Pianoforte."

#### RUBINI IN 1840.\*

RUBINI is still young. He was born in 1795, at Romano, a little estate situate at four leagues from Bergamo. In 1811, he formed part of the choruses of the theatre of that town, and was the last of the choristers. He was subsequently attached to a strolling company, which he soon left, to go on a pilgrimage through Italy

with a violin player of the name of Modi. But the tribulations and vicissitudes of that wandering life soon disgusted him, and he accepted an engagement at Pavia. His success there was attended with great *éclat*, and summoned him successively to Brescia, Venice, and lastly, to Naples, where the director, Barbaja, made him appear before the public with Pellegrini and Nozzari, in two operas, composed for him by Fioravanti, *Adelson y Salvini* and *Comingio*. In 1819, he sang at Rome in *La Gazza Ladra* with Mdle. Monbelli, and at Palermo with Lablache and Donzellini. At Naples, whether he returned after those bright excursions, he found Mdle. Chomil, a distinguished cantatrice, who shortly after became his wife; and thence he proceeded with her to Vienna, which capital gave him a memorable reception.

It was on the 6th of October, 1831, that Rubini appeared for the first time at Paris, in *La Cenerentola*. His career as an artist has been since but an uninterrupted series of triumphs in France, England, Austria, and Italy, the cradle of his fame. Those triumphs are too recent, and have excited too much attention in the musical world, to require any detail of them at our hands. Besides, it is not a biography of this great singer that we wish to write, but rather an analytical examination of his method; which, without ever having been written, has had, nevertheless—like Garcia's—an undeniable influence over all the schools of singing.

Rubini's voice is that of a tenor, in the full acceptation of that word. It begins from E, and rises in *petto* notes to B above the lines; it continues in *di testa* notes to the F, ever in an intonation of perfect justness and evenness. Thus the scale which it runs over is of two octaves and one note. But that is but its ordinary compass; for we have heard Rubini in *Donizetti's Roberto Devereux* leap even to G. He had, indeed, never ascended so high; and he himself, after that *tour de force*, appeared astonished at the feat.

So much for its extent. As for its power, it has not been below what the strongest dramatic expression may require from a singer. But this strength, however great, never offends the ear by too rough bursts. His voice is enveloped, as it were, in a light gauze, which, without interfering with the most rapid leaps, softens the asperities almost always inseparable from an energetic vibration. Hence the unspeakable sweetness and charm which spreads round the singer when he utters passages of sorrow and tenderness. It is of him that one may say without exaggeration, that he has tears in his voice.

We willingly acknowledge that nature comes in for a large share in those qualities so rare and so precious, but what art has added is immense. One of the wonders of that art is revealed in the transitions from the chest to the head voice, and vice versa. When he has reached the limit of the chest register,—E for instance, the change in entering the head voice is effected so marvellously that it is impossible to seize the moment of the transition. Another of those wonders is that, gifted with very broad lungs, and which respire large quantity of air, he measures his respiration with so much dexterity that he loses of his breath but just what is required to produce the sound proportioned to the value of the notes. His manner of drawing breath is also one of the secrets of art for which it is impossible to account. He so cleverly dissembles the artifice of respiration, that, in the longest passages, one cannot perceive the moment when his breath is renewed. To explain such a phenomenon, he must fill and empty his lungs almost instantaneously, and without the least interruption, as would be the case with a cup which one emptied with one hand and filled with the other. It may be easily imagined what advantage a singer must derive from such a faculty, which he is as much indebted for to nature as to practice. By this means he can impart to his phrases a brilliant and varied colour, for his organ retains in its graduation the strength necessary for commencing, pursuing, and ending, without any interruption, the longest periods.

There are those who, after seeing Rubini, will tell you that he is a cold and stiff actor, if they do not even add that he is no actor at all. This is another error that it is easy to dispel. This immobility he is reproached with is the necessary consequence of his manner of singing. Behold Rubini in those famous *adagios*, when motionless, and his head inclined backwards to open to

\* Written thirteen years ago.

sound a broader passage, he raises that harmonious and limpid voice which moves the audience so deeply! The slightest motion of the body would produce a wavering in that voice, which is of itself so sure, and deprive it of that evenness and finish whose charm is unspeakable. It is his voice that weeps, and makes you weep; you are moved—you feel enraptured; Talma himself, with his admirable mimic powers, did not produce more stirring effects.

Such are the various aspects under which this great singer presents himself. Nature and art have combined to render him a real phenomenon. His voice is strong, sweet, just, and even; it is nature which has made it thus, and nature never proved more liberal. His method is a perfect one, because it is founded in truth and the most exquisite taste. Rubini has carried scientific singing to perfection; he does better all that was done before him, and art is moreover indebted to him for many innovations, which have already enriched all methods. Thus, to mention but one, Rubini has been the first to introduce into song those vigorous aspirations which consist in protracting a sound upon the same note before the solution of the cadence. This shake imparted into the voice, this sort of musical sob, ever produces a great effect, and there is now no singer that does not strive to imitate it.

Yet, as nothing in the world is quite perfect, Rubini likewise pays his tribute to human nature. In our opinion, he is too negligent in his manner of delivering a *recitative*. Then, again, in *ensemble* pieces, he does not even take the trouble to sing; and when he condescends to open his lips, it is to remain completely silent. One may say that Rubini does not exist in *ensemble* pieces. He likewise often sings with his chest voice. It is, perhaps, to these *naïf* artifices that Rubini is indebted for the so complete preservation of his organ, which is now as fresh as in his most youthful days; but it is not the less true, that, by that excessive laziness, he may endanger the dramatic conception of the composer, and paralyze the exertions of his comrades.

We have said nothing of Rubini's private character, for our object was the artist only; but we cannot dismiss this brief sketch without doing justice to his generous feelings, the simplicity of his habits, and the kindness of his heart. All his comrades, and all who have had opportunities of knowing him, will bear witness to his eminent qualities, both as an artist and as a man of the world.—*Escœdes*.

### Provincial.

**BRIGHTON.**—(From a Correspondent.)—Miss Mina Coletti—a young pianist, who, in 1846, gave her first concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, London, and obtained the unanimous approval of the journalists—gave an evening concert at the Pavilion Rooms, on Tuesday last. Miss Coletti had for her assistants Miss Bassano, Madame Taccani, Mr. Lawler and Signor Furtado, as vocalists; and Mr. Viotti Collins, at the viola. The concert was well and fashionably attended. Herr Kuhe conducted. Miss Coletti's share of the programme included Prudent's *Lucia fantasia*, *Andante Capriccioso*, from Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," a "Notturno" by Dohler, and an "Etude" (*La Sylphide*), by Alexandre Bille. The fair pianist executed each of these *morceaux* with remarkable facility and ease, and was loudly applauded. The *Lucia fantasia* was unanimously encored, the selection from Mendelssohn greatly liked. Miss Mina Coletti created a decided impression. The rest of the concert calls for no particular remarks.

**STAMFORD.**—The third of the Promenade Concerts at Stamford theatre, on Friday evening last, was affected, as regards the attendance, by unfavourable weather, and at the commencement of the performances there was a flatness which had not previously been experienced. As the concert progressed, however, a warmer spirit became manifest, and Miss Grace Alleyne (an accomplished young vocalist from Exeter Hall concerts) roused a burst of enthusiasm by her perfect execution of "Lo! here the gentle lark," which was maintained to the end. Of the five songs with which Miss Alleyne delighted the audience, the one just mentioned was undoubtedly the gem of the evening, though in each she displayed a high order of merit, and proved that she has thoroughly iden-

tified herself with the style of her great master, Manuel Garcia. Three times she was rapturously encored. Amongst the instrumental pieces which commanded attention were Mr. H. Nicholson's "Stamford Galop," and Mr. E. C. Thorpe's "Race and Hunt Galop." The orchestra was not quite so full as it was at the first concert, but there was perfect efficiency, and the performance of each piece gave entire satisfaction. Mr. C. Ridgway was, as before, the musical director, and Mr. C. Pearce presided at the piano. We must not omit to mention that Mr. H. Nicholson's flute accompaniment to Miss Alleyne in "Lo! here the gentle lark," was a masterpiece of art such as is rarely heard in the provinces.—*Stamford Mercury*, Dec. 9.

**LONGTON.**—(From a Correspondent.)—On Wednesday evening, the 7th inst., a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, under distinguished patronage, took place in the new Town Hall, in aid of the funds of the Athenæum and Mechanics' Institution. The vocalists engaged were Miss Birch, Miss Eliza Birch, Mrs. Paget, R.A.M., and Mr. Anderson, of the Nobility's Concerts. Concertina, Mr. G. Case. The programme was a pleasing *melange* from the compositions of many of the best masters. Miss Birch and Miss E. Birch fully sustained their reputation. The Scene "Qui la Voce (Puritani)," afforded the first-named lady an opportunity to exhibit her command of voice. Her rendering of Bishop's "Lo! here the gentle lark," with concertina obligato, by Mr. G. Case, commanded an enthusiastic encore. Miss E. Birch is by no means second to her sister, so far as grace and expression of singing are concerned: she was encored in "The Lass o' Gowrie," which she gave with spirit and *naïvete*. Kücken's pretty duet "The Hunters," was also spiritedly given by the above ladies, and encored. Mrs. Paget made her first appearance here, and, though evidently suffering from a recent cold, made a favourable impression in two graceful ballads by Linley; also, in Horn's "I know a bank," with Miss E. Birch, which was charmingly sung. One of the gems of the evening was Mendelssohn's unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes," from *Elijah*, sung by the three ladies unaccompanied. Mr. Anderson sang Mozart's "Uron Pui Andrai" with good effect, as also Romer's ballad "I've watched with thee," and Loder's "Philip the Falconer," which were much applauded. Fioravanti's "Singing Lesson" was given by Miss Birch and Mr. Anderson, and received an encore, as did also Martini's laughing trio, "Vidasi vià dè qua," sung by Miss Birch, Miss E. Birch, and Mr. Anderson. Mr. Geo. Case, and his Concertina, were marked features in the entertainment: his two solos were rapturously encored. The concert was conducted by Mr. T. Mason, R.A.M., whose accompaniments on the harp and pianoforte were executed with ability.

**DARLINGTON.**—(Dec. 12th.)—The amateur musical society of this town gave a morning and evening concert on Saturday last, for which they engaged the services of Mrs. Sunderland, who delighted the audience by her performance of several ballads. The archness with which she gave "There's a bank by the river," drew down an encore; she received the same compliment in Macfarren's "I'm alone," Farmer's "Follow me," and in the pretty trio, "The Gee Tee of the Mill," from Barnett's *Blanche of Jersey*. The society are much indebted to our resident professor and organist of St. Cuthbert's, Mr. Second, for his assistance in accompanying all the vocal music with the taste of a musician. Mr. Second also performed a composition of Reissiger with brilliant effect. Mr. Woodhams led the band, which performed the overtures to *Zampa* and *Semiramide*. The performance was attended by the gentry of the neighbourhood, including Lord de Lisle; and the attendance was the largest since Jullien visited the town.

### Miscellaneous.

**ENGLISH AND GERMAN GLEE UNION.**—The second concert took place at the Athenæum, Islington, on Tuesday. The selection, if not better, was more judicious than the last, and the room was brim-full. Sir Henry Bishop's pretty glee, "Blow, gentle gales," which opened the concert, is too well known to need comment. There was somewhat too strong a leaven of glees of the Calcott and Horsley school. Of these the latter writer's graceful

and melodious one, "By Celia's arbour," was the best, perhaps, because it was the shortest. Meyerbeer's songs seldom gain anything by being transferred from the stage to the concert room. Miss Eyles, however, obtained an encore (although declining to accept it) for the well-known "Nobil Signor," and Mr. Wesley would have received a similar compliment, had he made a more judicious choice than the romance, "Piu bianca," from the same opera. The lady and gentleman together obtained a very flattering recall in Mr. Ball's popular duet, "The sailor sighs." Mendelssohn's quartet, "When the west," had scarcely justice from the performers. True, it is difficult; but this should be no excuse to English artists, who have a character to lose in matters of this kind. Webbe's glee, "When winds breathe soft," has had a long lease of public favour; but its days are now, we suspect, numbered. The leading popularity of the evening was Molique's song (a new one, we believe), "The maidens of Germany," delivered by Miss Messent. The melody is light, graceful, and adapted with great felicity to the piquant humour of the verses; and as Miss Messent gave the song in her most terse and off-handed manner, it was encored with due ferocity, and cannot fail to become a popular favourite. Mr. Young also obtained a recall for T. Nelson's elegant ballad, "Mary of Argyle." Hatton's quartet, "Beware," although a trifling, bears marks of the writer's talent. Costa's quartet, "Ecco quel tirero istante," and Attwood's trio, "The curfew," gave variety as well as strength to the selection; but if Mr. Costa's quartet, with all its undoubted merit, is too long, what are we to say to such pieces of attenuation as "Return blest days" (J. S. Smith), and "Strike the lyre" (T. Cooke)? Why, simply that public taste has outgrown them, and that compositions of no higher claims may be very safely excluded, at least from concerts of this kind. A duet (*Les Huguenots*), for two pianofortes, was given between the acts, by Mr. Wesley and Mrs. Alfred Martin, and very well received. The lady is quite young, and has a firm and nimble digital.

MISS JENNY BAUR, the young English singer, who appeared last season at several concerts, with so much success, is now singing, equally successful, at the Theatre Royal of Wurtzberg, in Germany, where she has already sustained the following difficult parts, viz: Agathe, in *Der Freischütz*; Alice, in *Robert le Diable*; Sussanna, in the Marriage of Figaro; Rosina, in *Barber of Seville*; Adalgisa, in *Norma*; Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, &c.

MISS DOLBY'S SOIRES MUSICALES.—The last *soiree*, on Tuesday, attracted a large concourse of friends to Miss Dolby's residence, and her rooms were crowded to overflowing. The first part of the concert commenced with Haydn's quartet in E flat, No. 64, well played by Messrs. Dando, Watson, Clements, and Lucas. Miss Dolby then sang "In questa Tomba," after which Mr. Alfred Pierre essayed "Una furtiva lagrima" of Donizetti. Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. Lazarus followed with Weber's very difficult duet, for piano and clarionet; and, after an air by Mariani, sung by Signor Ciabatta, Miss Dolby brought before the notice of her friends an elegant song, in MS., by Mr. Benedict, the composer himself accompanying her at the pianoforte. Mr. Lindsay Sloper concluded the first part with two of his own compositions—"Bolero" and "May Lilies." The second part was opened by Messrs. Osborne, Dando, and Lucas, with a trio, by the first-named gentleman, for piano, violin, and violoncello, a composition possessing a great deal of merit, but rather too long in each movement. Miss Eliza Birch was prevented, by indisposition, from singing the songs put down to her; and, in lieu thereof, Miss Amy Dolby, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Land substituted the trio, "Oh, Memory," introduced at one of the previous *soirees*. Mr. Osborne then tendered two of his compositions, for the pianoforte, "Of what is the old man thinking," and "Inquietude et Bonheur." Miss Dolby sang a ballad, by Wallace, "Passed away to Heaven;" Mr. Lazarus played a solo, on the clarionet, by Baermann, a composition displaying rather the beauty of Mr. Lazarus's tone and execution, than any elegance in itself; and after Miss Dolby's singing "Oh, Bay of Dublin," and "Over the Sea," the concert was brought to a conclusion by the Finale from *Lucia*, which, though hackneyed, requires good singing, which it did not receive. We should have stated that, at the end of the first part, Miss

Dolby repeated, "by desire," the new fantasia, for voice and piano, "The Lady and the Nightingale," by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, which she produced at the previous *soiree*. In concluding our account of this season's meetings, we must confess that we have not been so well pleased as on former occasions. There has been less of classicality than we have been accustomed to at Miss Dolby's former *soirees*, on the one hand, and on the other, a series of experiments have been made of new artistes not sufficiently advanced to justify their appearance before the *élite* of amateurs that usually repair to these concerts. Miss Dolby should look to this another season. With her prestige, she has it in her power to do much; and she should not allow the advice of ill-judging friends to overrule her own superior taste, tact, and discretion. With these few words of friendly advice, we close our record of Miss Dolby's season, 1853.—(*From a Correspondent*).

SUSSEX-HALL, LEADENHALL-STREET.—Miss Annie Webb's concert took place on Tuesday evening, when was issued a well-selected and highly-attractive programme. To enumerate the different points of the concert would take up more space than we can spare. Suffice it to name a few. The gem of the evening was the unapproachable pianoforte playing of Mr. Alex. Bilet. The next best was the exquisite and highly-finished rendering, by Miss Stabbach, of Weber's difficult scena "Softly sighs;" her other song, "Take back the ring," was loudly re-demanded. Mr. George Case's solo, (Concertina,) was deservedly encored. Miss Lowe, in Bellini's "Do not mingle," was encored. Miss Webb herself sang two songs in a very tasteful manner. M. Valadare's solo, "Violin," was a masterpiece of execution. The charming duet-singing of the Misses Brougham was the theme of general admiration, and the Bufo songs of Herr Jonghmans, as usual, gained encores. The conductors, Messrs. Haskins and Wolfsohn, materially aided the artistes by their careful accompaniments.—*Sun.*

MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT.—"On Saturday," says a correspondent in Dresden, in a letter dated Monday last, "I attended the second of a series of concerts given by Herrn Goldschmidt, Schubert, and Kummer. The evening will be memorable in the annals of the musical world, as that on which Madame Jenny Goldschmidt made her first appearance in public since her marriage and return from America. For days previously, the music shop from which tickets were issued had been besieged by the public of Dresden, and many hundreds were turned away disappointed. It was with much anxiety that I saw the hour of the concert approach. I knew Madame Goldschmidt had been ill and hoarse for many days, and it was at the last moment that she determined to sing rather than disappoint the expectant public. She had selected for her part in the concert, the beautiful hymn, for solo and chorus, by Mendelssohn, 'Hor' mein Bitten, Herr,' and but that I felt grieved that she should make such exertion when suffering from hoarseness and indisposition, I should have enjoyed without a drawback the perfect expression she gave to this most lovely music. The manner in which she gave the words 'G konnt' ich fliegen wie Tauben dahin,' had something in it which seemed to carry one far from this dull earth away into the blue heavens. Her voice is as fine as it ever was; and in the songs with which she finished her evening's performance, one felt as much as ever her infinite superiority to all the singers of the present day, evinced equally in the supernatural charm of her simple style, as in the most brilliant and difficult *fioriture* of the modern Italian school. The other pieces of the evening were a quartet in E flat, by Mozart; a violin solo, by Paganini, played by Herr Concertmeister Schubert, and the D minor trio by Mendelssohn; in both concerted pieces Herr Goldschmidt took the pianoforte. I shall take another opportunity to speak of the playing of this rising artist."—*Literary Gazette*.

POWELS, THE WELSH HARPISTS.—In the reign of George II. there were two persons of the name of Powel, who played finely on the harp. The elder was patronized by the Duke of Portland, and when that nobleman was appointed Governor of Jamaica, went with him thither. The younger stayed in England; and the great Handel having heard him, and being delighted with his performance, was desirous to make him known, composed for him a lesson, which is the fifth organ concerto of the first set, and introduced him in three or four of his oratorios, where there are ac-

companiments for the harp. Besides the Powells, there was at the same time in London a performer on the harp, who merits to be had in remembrance. His name was Jones, a Welshman, and blind. The old Duchess of Marlborough would have retained him with a pension; but he would not endure confinement, and was engaged by one Evans, who kept a home-brewed ale house of great resort, the sign of the "Hercules' Pillars," opposite Clifford's Inn Passage, in Fleet Street, and performed in a great room up-stairs during the winter season. He played extempore voluntaries, the fugues in the sonatas of Corelli, as also most of his solos, and many of Handel's opera songs, with exquisite neatness and elegance. He also played on the violin; and on that instrument imitated so exactly the irregular intonation, mixed with sobs and pauses, of a Quaker's sermon, that none could hear him and refrain from immoderate laughter. Jones died about the year 1738, and was buried in Lambeth churchyard; and his funeral, which was celebrated with a dead march, was attended by a great number of the musical people.—(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Welsh Music*.)

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

	Published by
"The Star of Love"—Ballad—By Carlo Minasi	Webb.
"My Life was bright"—Do.—Do.	G. Dix.
"Forgive me this once"—Do.—Do.	T. E. Purday.
"L'Amicizia"—Romanza—Do.	Addison & Hollier.
"Remembranza di Napoli"—Do.	Jewell & Letchford.
"The Emigrant's Lament for Fatherland" Ballad—Do.	T. E. Purday.
Three Andantes for Piano—By E. Penny	Ollivier.
"Musical Beauties of Scotland"—By C. Haggitt, jun.	Ollivier.
"Qui Vive"—For two Performers—By J. W. Naumann	R. Mills.
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OVERTURE

Recit.	{ Mr. LOCKEY	{ Comfort ye
Air .		Every valley
Chorus .		And the glory of the Lord
Recit.	{ Mr. LAWLER	{ Thus saith the Lord
Air .		But who may abide
Chorus .		And He shall purify
Recit.	{ Miss DOLBY	{ Behold ! a virgin
Air and Chorus		O thou that tellest
Recit.	{ Mr. LAWLER	For, behold darkness
Air .		The people that walked
Chorus .		For unto us a child is born
Air .	Miss DOLBY	Behold the Lamb
Chorus .		He was despised
Air .	{ Mr. LOCKEY	Surely He hath borne
Chorus .		All we like sheep
Recit. acc.	{ Mr. LOCKEY	All they that see Him
Chorus .		He trusted in God
Recit. acc.	{ Mr. LOCKEY	{ Thy rebuke
Air .		Behold ! and see
Recit. acc.	{ Miss G. ALLEYNE	He was cut off
Air .		But thou didst not leave
Air .	{ Mrs. SUNDERLAND	I know that my Redeemer
Quartet .		{ Mrs. SUNDERLAND
Chorus .	{ Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY and Mr. LAWLER	Since by man came death
Quartet .		By man came also
		{ Mrs. SUNDERLAND
		Miss DOLBY, Mr. LOCKEY and Mr. LAWLER
		For as in Adam all die

PASTORAL SYMPHONY

Recit.	{ Mrs. SUNDERLAND	{ There were shepherds
Recit. acc.		And lo ! the angel
Recit.	{ Mrs. SUNDERLAND	And the angel
Recit. acc.		And suddenly
Chorus .	{ Miss M. WELLS	Glory to God
Air .		Rejoice greatly
Recit.	{ Miss G. ALLEYNE	{ Then shall the eyes
Air .		He shall feed his flock
Chorus .		Come unto Him
		His yoke is easy
Chorus .		Lift up your heads
Air .	{ Mr. LAWLER	How beautiful
Chorus .		Their sound is gone out
Air .	{ Mr. LOCKEY	Why do the nations
Chorus .		Let us break their bonds
Recit.	{ Mr. LAWLER	{ He that dwelleth
Air .		{ Thou shalt break them
Grand Chorus .		HALLELUJAH
Chorus .		Even so in Christ
Recit. acc.	{ Mr. LAWLER	{ Behold ! I tell you
Air .		The Trumpet shall sound
Grand Chorus .		Worthy is the Lamb

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC CALENDAR,

FOR 1854.

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## DIFFERENT HEADS.

- i. An Almanac, with dates of great Musical Events, Births and Deaths of notable Musical Men, &c.
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Birmingham, December 9, 1853.

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CHRISTMAS, 1853.

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